Week ending October 14, 1944 Volume 76 No. 2000

# JOHN BULL

Threepence Every Thursday

## FAMOUS MEN WRITE TO US

**About our Price of Peace Survey**

## THE RIDDLE OF INDIA

**Outspoken Article by A. G. Gardiner**


# FOOD FACTS

Cabbage cooked in chunks comes out soggy and tasteless

Most of the goodness of the cabbage gets boiled away when you cook it in large chunks for half an hour or more

Shredding is the secret of really delicious cabbage!

When you shred the cabbage first, this allows you to cook it *quickly* — thus retaining its fine flavour and natural colour, as well as its Vitamin C.

## . . . then cook it this way

First of all cut the cabbage in quarters, discarding the outer leaves and saving these for soups and stews. Then shred the quartered cabbage across from the tip, with a sharp knife, as shown in the picture above. The shreds should be about half an inch wide. (When shredding cabbage for salads, the shreds should be finer — about the width of a match.)

Put a very little water into the saucepan — just enough to cover the bottom of the pan to prevent burning. A cupful is usually sufficient. Bring to the boil, add salt, and put in shredded cabbage. Put on lid and boil for 10 or 15 minutes — not more — with lid tightly on the whole time.

Drain off any remaining water and serve. If you can spare a knob of margarine, add this to the cabbage and toss well before serving.

Cabbage cooked this way is tender and juicy, fresh green in colour, and far richer in Vitamin C than it is after long boiling. Try it this way soon and give yourself and the family a treat!

LISTEN TO THE FOOD FACTS ON TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 22



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Large quantities of Horlicks also go to hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, when you find Horlicks difficult to get, please remember that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

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NONSENSE! I'LL SHOW YOU.
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VERY WELL- BUT IT CAN'T GET THEM CLEAN!
BUT THEY'RE WONDERFUL, AUNTIE! FANCY GETTING SUCH A LOVELY GLEAM WITH NO BOILING, COAL AS WELL!
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Without Fear or Favour

## WORK FOR ALL

SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE has already proved an excellent pace-maker to the Government.

It is thanks to him that "Social Security" has become the chief post-war demand of the British people.

But the Government and the public must first face the fact that social security is impossible without work for all.

This has been faced throughout by Sir William Beveridge, who has forecast some of the things which will figure in his forthcoming report on full employment.

"Making work" for work's sake is useless. The urgent task is "to organise the full, continuous use of all our productive resources in meeting human needs."

UP TO 1939 the world thought in terms of scarcity. Henceforth, if we and our Allies mean to make life safe and happy for the multitude, we must think in terms of these human needs.

The war has proved that we can produce whatever is vital to us regardless of money.

True, we have accepted certain controls and compulsions we should not have accepted in normal times.

Provided our essential personal liberties are restored, we agree with Sir William that full employment must involve "a great extension of the responsibility of the State."

"What we need is a programme of social progress carried through, as it can only be carried through, by the power of the State under democratic control."

Private enterprise can no longer be allowed to operate for profit against the welfare of the community.

But it will still have its part to play in the work of reconstruction.

HAND IN HAND WITH problems of increased production the whole system of distribution will have to be reorganised.

There will certainly be work for all if our man-power is used wisely.

We like the T.U.C. suggestion for a "man-power Budget," as well as a financial one. It would provide an invaluable guide to the Government.

Whatever methods may be finally adopted, the prime necessity is to plan for plenty instead of scarcity. And there will never be shortage of work to do until we have abolished poverty, hunger, dirt and ignorance.

The Editor

### STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

# Can Germany Pin Us Down?

**There is still a good chance that the War in the West will end this year. But in Spring the German jet-propelled plane might become a serious factor**

THERE IS NOW an even chance that the main operations in the West will be over this year. The few people qualified to judge (it would be imprudent to mention names) are agreed that early December is a likely date.

### Will Arnhem Mean This?

Should our armies be bogged down for the winter, however, the strategic situation in Spring would probably be less favourable to us than at present.

Given time for production, the enemy's jet-propelled aircraft might challenge our aerial supremacy sufficiently to hamper land operations.

### One Thousand and More

It would be foolish to underrate the technical advantages of these 'planes. The enemy is so thorough that more than a thousand flying-bomb sites were built in the Pas de Calais alone; he has been equally intent on supplementing V-weapons by V-machines. Whether he will be able to fulfil his threat may be decided by our strategic bombing, the heavy Russian pressure, and the nearness of supply bases to our forces in their autumn offensive.

Full use of the port of Antwerp should reduce the supply line from Normandy by as much as nine-tenths. It will be worth many divisions to Montgomery.

### Failure of a Mission

HITLER IS NOT SANGUINE of pinning us down for another six months. That is clear from the visit of Von Ribbentrop to Spain.

The latter failed to make even indirect contact with the Allies. He argued that as Germany was the chief bulwark against "Bolshevism" she should be accorded generous peace terms. To his astonishment, Franco declined to mediate, and he returned to Berlin to report failure.

### Out of Gear

Unfortunately, Allied diplomacy is equally heavy-handed. As unimaginative as a charging bullock, it may be far more dangerous.

Appeals from London and Moscow to the people of Austria to rise are likely to cause disaster while the Allied armies are still hundreds of miles away. The tragedy of Warsaw must not be emphasised by another futile sacrifice.

### Logical Remedy

In future, we may hope, Allied diplomatic strategy will be determined by military realities.

It should also be agreed upon by all the major Powers of the United Nations, so that every move could be accurately synchronised. There should also be real encouragement to non-Nazi Germans to form an anti-Himmler underground movement.

### Mr. Churchill's Slip

MISUNDERSTANDING MAY ARISE from Mr. Churchill's description of Allied aid to China as "lavish."

The actual tonnage of American supplies to the Chinese, from Pearl Harbour until to-day, would not enable a single American division to fight in Europe for a week. British assistance has necessarily been on an even smaller scale.

Portrait of a disappointed envoy—J. von Ribbentrop

### Bowler Hats for Bevin Boys

NEXT WEEK'S T.U. Congress at Blackpool will probably urge that boys called up for the mines should have the same demobilisation rights as Servicemen.

It will certainly be unfair if lads conscripted for war work by a form of lottery should find their reinstatement in pre-war jobs just as much of a gamble.

### Freedom for Mother

Direction of women into industry will apparently continue after the demobilisation of Servicemen has begun.

That will be inevitable, but it should be possible to release many women already employed. Particularly, most of us will agree, those women who have children, those whose husbands or sweethearts are returning from the Forces, and all whose health has suffered by working conditions.

### Chilly Toes

A "PATCHWORK DESIGN" has become the fashionable criticism of Mr. W. S. Morrison's Town and Country Planning Bill. But should it not be likened rather to a tattered old sheet through which the public's toes protrude?

Its gentle deference to the big landowners may engender suspicion that the Social Security proposals are so much window-dressing for the General Election, and that the Tory Central Office will continue to defend the dragons of vested interests from any crusading Saint George.

This planning Bill sought to plan only "blitzed" sites. Adjacent land needed for social improvements was to remain in the wilderness of speculation.

### Time for the Gentry

Mr. Morrison has had to give way on this point. Now other areas can be compulsorily acquired, but local authorities will have to give two years' notice to the landlords of their intentions!

That should be time enough for the landed gentry to erect adequate defences.

### Design for Trade

DR. HUGH DALTON is wisely proposing to set up a Central Council of Design, financed by the Government, to enable industry to produce more attractive goods.

Men's clothes and furnishing fabrics show British design at its finest. With many other classes of goods our exporters have yet to realise that foreigners will no longer buy an ugly article simply because it is British.

### All-Change Squads

Greater by far will be the task of converting our factories from war to peace production. Innumerable squads of skilled engineers will be needed to remove death-making plant and replace it with new machinery. It takes six to seven months, for example, to re-jig an engineering works.

### Dim View

ONCE AGAIN Mr. Robert Hudson has urged farmers to look to the future.

None of us could be surprised, however, if their eyes are misty.

When he advises them to switch to this or that form of cultivation, they must wonder if he has in mind a long or only a short-term policy.

So we are brought back to Town and Country Planning. How can the Hot Springs decisions be implemented and a really comprehensive plan for agriculture drawn up unless an adequate land policy exists? We confess we do not know, and we suspect that the Government doesn't know either.

### New Ministry

STILL, THE SHIPOWNERS know very well what they want, and it is highly likely that they will get it from the Government. To express it simply: "Remove the controls, and let us have devil-take-the-hindmost competition."

Lord Winster's warning that shipyard workers are fearing a renewal of the 1920 slump has not persuaded Lord Leathers to commit the Government to any definite line of reconstruction. Whereas the civil aviation champions have certainly done so.

Rather than piecemeal new Ministries, however, the nation's trade would be better served by one Ministry of Communications—to include all forms of transport and transmission—which could prevent overlapping and uneconomic

# STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

continued from preceding page

competition. Or is JOHN BULL too advanced for the last-ditch upholders of the Bad Old Days?

## Nearer Home

AS WE HINTED last week, the War Office has been able to let us have a note on the evacuation of wounded and some better news for men who feared they'd be sent to hospitals far from their homes.

Instructions have now been issued that all soldiers from overseas who are fit for leave, but require further treatment, may get it near their homes. Patients who can walk and go by ordinary train may also be transferred.

## Short of Trains

So far so good. But, unfortunately, available transport isn't enough to move the more seriously wounded. All the ambulance trains are needed to carry the wounded from the disembarkation ports to the base hospitals.

## Too Few

Apparently it isn't even practicable to do any preliminary sorting at the ports. "The numbers involved," says the War Office, "and the wide distribution which would be required make this impossible."

That's a great pity, because some system of preliminary zoning would have saved a lot of later transport.

## Time for Luxury?

MORE AND MORE people are feeling that the time has come for granting poultry-keepers more hen food. Colonel Llewellin has promised more shell eggs from Australia. To honour the promise he'll have to strike a nice balance over shipping space. Increased supplies of poultry food would presumably take up greater shipping room, but there is a great deal to be said for the luxury at this stage of the war.

## Tempting Morsel

MRS. COGGISHALL, of Sudbury, shows good taste. "Now that Normandy has been left behind by the fighting," she says, "I could do with a bit of that Pont-L'Evêque cheese the French lavished on the war correspondents."

## "America"

SO MANY LETTERS came in answer to our request last week for stories of kindness and help from the Americans that it was no easy job sorting out the best. You'll see a selection of the stories on page 13.

The three prizes of two guineas for the best letters go to Guardsman L. Cook, M.M., of Brockley, S.E.4; John F. Davidson, of Jarrow, County Durham; and to B. Richmond, of Sheffield. We wish we had space to print all the letters.

## Charge Preferred?

One reader took the opportunity to test our sense of humour. Blame Reader E. Mason, of Paighton, for this:

An American soldier in France met a British private accompanying a senior N.C.O. towards the frontier and asked him where he was going.

"Belgium, mate."

"An-twerp?"

"Yes," answered Tommy in an undertone, "he's the sergeant-major."

## Pulpit Praise

A SURREY VICAR showed himself unusually broadminded the other Sunday when, from the pulpit, he reminded his congregation that the local cinemas were showing a film with a religious theme, and advised them to go as it was well worth seeing.

## "The Egg Man"

THE FOOD ENFORCEMENT Officer for the Bala Area, Mr. Richard Jarret Jones, tells us he has been wrongly identified with "The Egg Man" in our issue of August 12. We are satisfied that the story did not apply to Mr. Jones, who has never induced people to infringe the food regulations. We tender him our regrets and apologies for any annoyance caused to him.

## Uniform Allowed

WHAT'S ALL THIS NONSENSE about Civil Defence uniforms? On September 20, when the Government announced reductions in Civil Defence personnel, it was clearly stated that, provided the full number of coupons due up to the date of discharge had been surrendered, whole-time members would be allowed to retain the main items of uniform, though steel helmets and gas-masks would have to be returned.

## Ordered Back

That was clear enough, but local authorities have been sending out notices terminating the employment of Civil Defence men and ordering the return to stores of all uniform clothing and equipment.

Naturally, there are a lot of special regulations governing the matter, but the broad principle is that full-timers may retain their uniforms.

## Outside the Rules

If you're asked to send your uniform back, write a polite note to your Civil Defence Controller and ask him how his request fits in with the Government's published order. It looks as if there may be some fun over this. Local authorities are always very keen on sticking to the rules, and we'd like to see them sticking to them this time—instead of to the uniforms.

## Three Months Miss

Of course, many Civil Defence workers will find themselves deprived of their uniforms because of the peculiar way in which the regulations work. A Manchester N.F.S. man who had served nearly two years could not have his uniform because he was discharged in June and the Government order did not come into force until September 1. Even so, he had given up his full number of coupons.

## Birthday

THIS IS JOHN BULL'S 2,000th issue. Like that other famous Johnnie, we think we've gone from strength to strength.

# Argument

## BIGGER FAMILIES

**Is the large family better than the small? Form your own judgment after reading this summary of opinion on both sides of the question**

### for

(1) Unless married couples average nearly four children each, the population must decline—and nations with declining populations must ultimately perish.

(2) Small families and a declining population mean not merely fewer people in the country, but an increasing proportion of old to young.

(3) With modern knowledge of nutrition and hygiene, free education and social services, parents need not see their children want, no matter how many they have.

(4) The large family does not produce spoiled, neurotic children, for there is no unhealthy concentration of parental love on one or two children.

(5) Parents of large families hardly ever seek divorce.

(6) A child learns its first lessons about life from the family. A small family is a hothouse—a large family is a miniature world.

(7) The atmosphere of love and service in a large family—the children helping one another and their parents—fosters a communal spirit, thus making good citizens.

(8) In the large family the care of the old is shared out and does not fall as a serious burden on one child.

(9) Inherited qualities are dealt out like cards. In a large family the chance is increased that one of the children will get the best "hand" of which the parental stock is capable.

### against

(1) The resources of the world are not unlimited: if all the nations increase their populations there must be future wars.

(2) By limiting our families we can deliberately build a stable population of the right size with correct proportions of all ages.

(3) "One child too many and the whole family is dragged below the poverty line." The child in the large family has to earn quickly, often in a dead-end job; the child in the small family can be properly trained.

(4) The small family produces no more psychological problems than the large family—in which, for instance, the youngest child is often either a favourite or trodden under.

(5) The low divorce rate in large families is a consequence of poverty—not of happiness.

(6) The child in the small family feels secure—the basis of all stable character. School, and life in general, soon teach give and take.

(7) The small family is an expression of thoughtful love. No child feels unwanted; nor is any child sacrificed to the rest, as sometimes happens, especially to the eldest daughters of large families.

(8) The parents of small families, provident by nature, usually save enough to be independent in old age.

(9) An overworked mother, bearing children in large numbers, is a menace to the race. Quality not quantity is best in family as in other matters.

# WHERE HITLER WILL FIGHT

**by WILLI FRISCHAUER**

DO NOT BE DECEIVED by the beau of the landscape arou Innsbruck, capital of th Austrian Tyrol: by the ice-capp peaks of the Alps, by those de valleys with rapid rivers a waterfalls leading towards the Sw and German frontiers, by the hil and lakes and forests near Salzbu and Munich—with Berchtesgaden between!

What the Haute Savoy was to t French Maquis, what the high platea in the centre of Norway still are to N wegian patriots, so is the Tyrol to t Nazi last-ditch defenders of Hitler.

This is no idle guess. There evidence to show that the men of wh Mr. Eden said that they are bei trained to fight for Nazism even aft Germany's defeat are beginning gather around Innsbruck, and Nazi mi tary strategy to-day provides hints their future plans.

The nature of some aspects of the internal propaganda adds weight to th conclusion; the activities of Nazi Par officials completes the evidence.

If you look at the map you will s that it is approximately this outer frin of Greater Germany which Kesselring defending so bitterly.

Less than invasion from the West the East, the Nazis fear invasion fro the South before their plans to organi the Alps for underground warfare a complete.

If any German army has a chance survive a crushing defeat by hiding mountains and forests, of escaping in difficult and almost impossible territor it will be Kesselring's team.

It is no accident that, while this mi tary preparation for guerilla warfa goes on, the propaganda drums beat similar tune.

THERE WAS AN Austrian patriot w insisted on fighting Napoleon w a small band—in the Tyrole mountains. His name was Andre Hofer, and you can read his name a study the story of his struggle in eve local Nazi newspaper to-day.

Never before has Nazi propagand concentrated on that man whose na was known to few of the younger G man generation. Now his name is every lip.

By a curious incident it is a nam sake of Hofer—one Franz Hofer—who now Nazi Gauleiter of the Tyrol. other Nazi leader talks as much as does; none other can compare with h in a frantic attempt to rouse nation fervour among the local population.

East Prussia and the Rhineland, mo immediately threatened, are still exposed to such furious propaganda.

The implication is clear. Even expe on Allied strategy would agree that t part of Austrian and German mou tains would be difficult to penetrate i hurry; it is the historic playground big-time, big game poachers.

The people are fierce, primiti nationalistic. They hate the Italia the French, the British alike. T carry guns even in peace-time. Nazi had its first militant followers nearby.

And Berchtesgaden, Hitler's mounta retreat, is near. From there he co carry on resistance.

It is good to know that, as Mr. Ed said, the Allies are well informed abo Nazi post-war plans, both short- a long-term. They will act swiftly to p vent the survival of Nazi guerill around whom a new Nazi movem could be organised and drilled, and new world war prepared.

# THE RIDDLE OF INDIA

**Can she be made the fifth pillar of a new world order? As the Gandhi talks have failed, we should bring India herself to the conference table**

**by A. G. GARDINER**

THE BREAKDOWN OF THE Gandhi-Jinnah talks leaves the next move in India with us. What should that move be?

The end of the war is in sight. But the end of the war is only the beginning of the greatest task that has ever confronted humanity. It is the creation of a new World Order that will outlaw war and establish peace, security and justice over the whole earth.

It is assumed that this structure must rest on four main pillars—the British Empire, Russia, the United States, and China.

No one will contest their claim. They have borne the chief burden of the war and alone possess the power and resources that can make the hope of the world a reality.

But there is a fifth pillar which is essential to the fabric of world unity if it is to endure. That pillar is India—not a subject India, but a free, united, self-governing India.

IT IS THE IMMENSITY of India that constitutes her claim. She is not a country so much as a continent.

Her area is as great as that of Europe (exclusive of Russia), and her population is greater than that of Europe. Her religious systems are more numerous than those of Europe, and her spoken languages and dialects exceed 200.

For nearly two centuries this vast congeries of nations and races has had only one bond of union—the British suzerainty. Of that rule it is enough to say that under it India's population has grown five-fold, and she has enjoyed a peace and a freedom from external aggression that no other continent on earth has experienced, and that she never experienced till we came.

But the time has come when she must walk alone. She claims her independence, and under the Cripps scheme we have undertaken that she shall have it.

She shall have it in the full measure enjoyed by all the British Dominions—that is, with the liberty to leave the British Commonwealth if she so decides. That undertaking we shall fulfil.

BUT IN FULFILLING IT we have a duty to the dumb, unorganised millions of India. We cannot just walk out and leave Japan or some other predatory Power to walk in. Even Gandhi sees this. "Get out," he says in one breath. "But do not leave us unprotected," he says in the next. We shall not. We shall "get out" when India can stand alone, as Canada, Australia, South Africa stand alone, and when India—not Gandhi—asks us to get out.

It was in the pursuit of this goal that Gandhi and Jinnah met. They represented in some measure the two principal currents in Indian life—Hinduism and Mohammedanism.

I say "in some measure" because they did not represent vast elements of their own communities.

Still less did they represent the millions who constitute the minorities of India—Parsees, Sikhs, Untouchables, Indian Christians, Mahasabha, the Indian Princes' subjects, and many more.

But it was felt that if Gandhi and Jinnah could come to terms, a real start would have been made. They did not come to terms. Jinnah wants Pakistan. Gandhi doesn't, and in this case Gandhi is right.

For Pakistan means the partition of India into rival States based on religious differences.

It means the perpetuation of sectarianism. It means internal war. The mind reels before such a prospect. It would plunge India into inconceivable chaos from end to end.

And if the Hindus and Moslems are to have separate States, what of the great minorities who recognise neither the Congress nor the Moslem League?

What of the Untouchables? There are 60 millions of them all over India. They have grievances compared with which those of the Hindus and Moslems are "trifles of light moment, worth a sponge." Are they to be left, inarticulate and helpless, to be the sport of the ruling and ambitious factions?

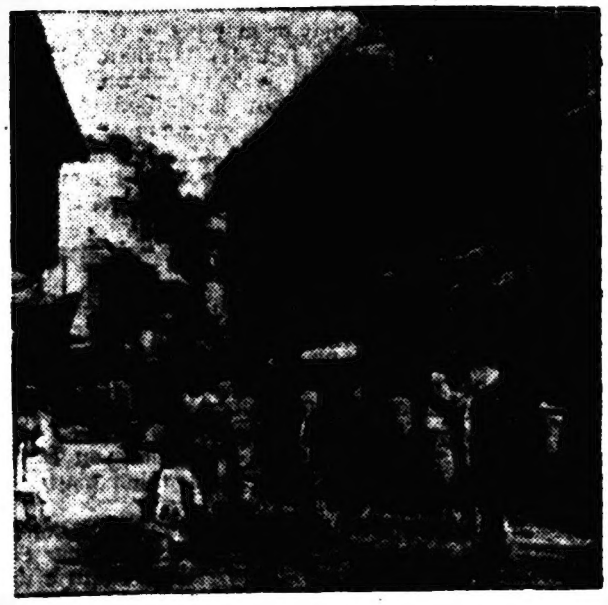
And there are the Sikhs, and the Parsees, and the Christians, and the Dravidians of Madras, and the Bengalis.

Are they to have Pakistan treatment, too? Or are they to be handed over like helots to the dominant majorities?

NO, PARTITION IS NOT the hell's broth into which we shall plunge India. We want to see India free, peaceful and united, as Australia and Canada are.

Partition would make her the battleground of racial feuds and religious factions. Partition would put the most warlike race in the saddle.

It would set the clock of India back to her own dark, blood-stained past. It would revive and inflame the communal strife, the control of which is perhaps the greatest debt which India owes to British rule.



The real India—a scene in a native bazaar

Mr. Jinnah could not convince Gandhi

Does it follow, then, from the failure of the Gandhi-Jinnah talks, that agreement is impossible? I do not think so. But it does follow that the goal of unity must be reached by another path.

By all means let the talks be resumed. The more all the factions, great and small, meet and hammer out their differences the better.

But, as I said at the beginning, the move is now ours. India cannot wait while the factions fight for their own hand.

We should act, and act now.

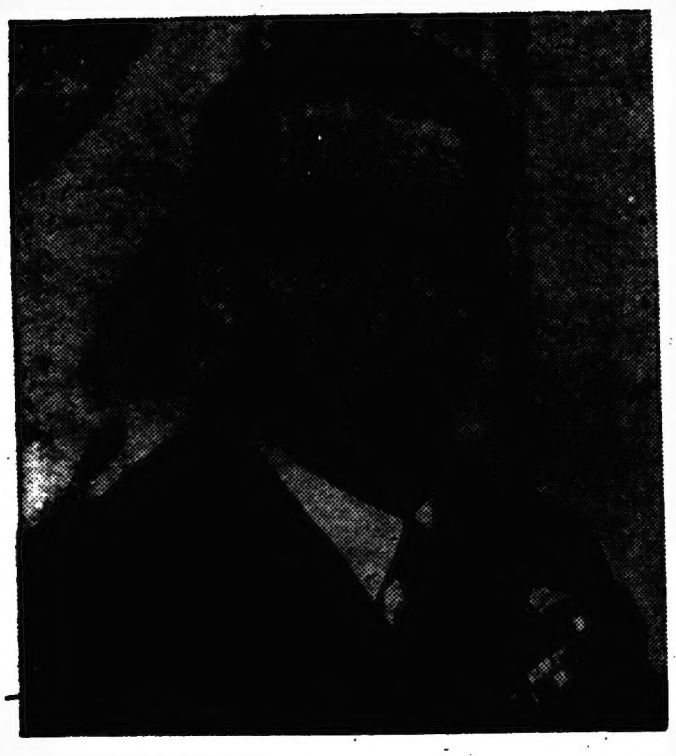
We should bring India herself around the conference table. Not merely the majorities, Hindu or Moslem. Not merely the Party bosses and pullers of strings. Not merely the Gandhis and Jinnahs. But, in due proportion, the selected spokesmen of that vast, inarticulate India which is outside the Parties and which has most to gain and most to lose from the wisdom or unwisdom of the settlement.

OUR MOTIVES WILL BE misrepresented, as they always are, by our enemies, but India will not misunderstand us if we summon her collectively to do what the factions alone will never do.

We have promised India her ihdependence—absolute and unequivocal. Let India enable us to implement the promise by formulating an All-India constitution that will meet all her needs.

Then we shall be ready to "get out" if she decides that she wants us to "get out." I do not think she will. She will prefer to be a free member of our Commonwealth and the fifth pillar of the new World Order.

# OPEN LETTERS



## Air-Marshal Sir PETER DRUMMOND,
### Air Member for Training, R.A.F.

DEAR AIR-MARSHAL,—Hundreds of thousands of young men and women in the R.A.F. and the W.A.A.F. are looking to the future, eager for the moment when they return to civilian life.

Keen and ambitious, they are the young citizens of to-morrow. In 1940 they stood between the *Luftwaffe* and its victory. They won, and civilisation was saved in the skies over Kent. A stake in the future of their country is the least they are entitled to expect.

Now you, with the welfare and personnel experts at the Air Ministry, have produced a huge training scheme for officers and other ranks Officially, it will be known as the Educational and Vocational Training Scheme, but the rank-and-file will know it for what it is, the learn-as-you-leave scheme, the largest thing of its type that has ever been known.

Every single person in the Services will have his or her choice of courses.

There are three branches—resettlement, education, and vocational training. Resettlement will be compulsory, and will be a training in citizenship.

Educational training will be for the people who want to go to college, or study for the professions. Vocational training will teach a man or a girl the job of their choice—and a list of trades where labour will be urgently needed is now being drawn up.

The important thing is that everybody is covered. There need be no misfits. This is real post-war planning.—JOHN BULL.

## Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.,
### Home Secretary

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—That Bill of yours for the redistribution of Parliamentary seats is like a scorpion without a tail The sting is missing.

As far as it goes, it is a good Bill. At least it provides for a reshuffle of seats at Westminster, so that some of the top-heavy constituencies will be split up. This means more Members of Parliament, but it also means better and fairer representation.

The failure is in the omissions. We would suggest two points, to begin with, where the Bill badly needs some sting.

First, it should have abolished the Business Vote, whereby a small number of people vote twice, once at home, once at their business premises. This double vote is unfair and undemocratic.

So is the University Vote, which should also have gone. It is two hundred years behind the times. Why should some universities send men to Westminster, and why should the men who vote them there get this double representation?

The failure to push through these reforms was not your fault. Such decisions were taken by the Conference, who considered the whole question of modern voting. They are the people who knocked the sting out of the Bill.—JOHN BULL.

## Dr. THEODORE MOLESWORTH,
### St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover

DEAR DOCTOR,—Sometimes of late we have wondered whether the medical profession was not in danger of losing its dignity. Beveridge, the post-war health plan, and similar problems often produced a raucous controversy from Harley Street, and at times some of your colleagues were so excited they almost forgot their bedside manners.

Indeed, cynics lately might well have been excused for suggesting that if Hippocrates, the father of medicine, with all the noble sentiments he stood for, were to visit Harley Street these days he would take a look around the Citadel and slink away a sad man.

But now you, at seventy, have suddenly come into the news, and the nation has read how, down in Dover, during the worst of the shellfire, you carried on with your calls, never ignoring a ring on the night bell, no matter how severe the shelling or bombing.

That is how we like to think of the country doctor, as the kindly fellow with the black bag, struggling up the garden path on a filthy wet night in answer to a call.

A picture like that does more good for the medical profession, Doctor, than all the wrangling between the specialists over State control.—JOHN BULL.

## Major-Gen. Sir ALFRED KNOX, M.P.,
### Conservative M.P. for Wycombe

DEAR SIR ALFRED,—At the age of seventy-four you have perhaps sensibly decided to retire at the next General Election. Now that you have numbered your own days in Parliament we have a suggestion to make:

Would it not be sensible for you to stop asking embarrassing questions about Soviet-Polish relations? Is it wise to air this highly inflammable and delicate stuff at Westminster? It isn't likely to help the Poles. All you are doing, we suggest, is to make a difficult situation even more difficult.

We all know what you think about the Soviet. You were calling Stalin a "gangster" in public less than five years ago.

You had a fine military record in the old days, but your judgment on this subject is clouded. Perhaps you couldn't be expected to be sympathetic to the new Russia—you spent too much time in the old, as Military Attaché in the Czarist days.

There are times, General, when silence is golden in a retiring M.P.—JOHN BULL.

## Rt. Hon. G. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.,
### Minister of Fuel and Power

DEAR MAJOR,—There is a report lying on your desk, and everyone in the country is interested in it. So far only a summary has been published, yet already it has inspired rumour after rumour.

The document concerned, of course, is the report of the American Mining Section of the Combined War Resources Board upon the British coal industry, in which the American experts tell us our shortcomings as coal producers.

According to Mr. Shinwell, it criticises the mine-owners for the whole organisation of the coal industry of this country.

Now this may or may not be the case. The fact remains that the mining industry is bound up with the prosperity and the industrial peace of Britain.

The ordinary man is entitled to know the contents of that report. If it criticises, we must know where the criticism is directed. We cannot afford to leave skeletons in unpublished reports; the subject is too important. We must insist on the publication of a detailed report.—JOHN BULL.

## JAMES BOYNTON PRIESTLEY,
### Playwright, Author and Critic

DEAR MR. PRIESTLEY,—You are a man whose broadcast speeches are nearly always severely criticised. I suspect that this is because they usually happen to be so very good.

Almost alone among B.B.C. speakers, you have the knack of getting down to the subjects the people want to talk about; you cut the cackle; you avoid the wisecracks. You talk about the things which matter, even if we don't always agree with you.

This means that a lot of people don't like you. Hence the criticisms. They started after your Sunday night talks early in the war. They started again a week or so ago.

Ignore the critics. They are the best testimonial you could have that you are making people talk.—JOHN BULL.

YOUR GOOD HEALTH
Your Dr. Greville Park

## Those Aches

MANY DISEASES go by the nam of rheumatism—rheumat fever, arthritis, gout, an neuritis—but we will stick to th kind popularly called th "screws," more correctly, fibro sitis: a sudden violent pain in muscle or a joint which keep you awake, knocks you off work and makes you feel that old ag is creeping on.

Fibrositis means inflammation fibrous tissue, of which there is a l in the body. It forms sheaths the muscles and the nerves, and forms ligaments round the joints. can get inflamed from injury, from the poisons of germs, or ofte from both.

A germ called the streptococc viridans is often at the bottom of th trouble. He lives at the roots of b teeth, in sore tonsils, and in tho hollows in the skull we call the nas sinuses. He forms poison the which gets into the blood and soaked up by any bit of fibrous tiss that has had a knock or a twist a so isn't feeling too good.

THE RESULT is rapid pain and swe in that bit of fibrous tissue. you have acute lumbago if you' been pushing the mower, or shoulder that won't move if you' grabbed too quickly at a moving b or a swollen knee if you slipped the kerb.

Obviously, it is a tip not to ha these germs in your system. Mora see your dentist regularly, ha septic tonsils taken out, and see nose specialist if you have chron catarrh. Getting chilled makes y more susceptible, so people wi sluggish circulations, who "nev sweat," should keep their socks d and wear woollen undies.

WHEN YOU ARE first laid out wi this sort of thing have a day bed and rest it. Put your arm in sling, your knee in a bandage, yo back in strapping. Use hot-wa bottles, and take enough aspirin veganin to get the pain under. Wh it eases a bit, a good rubbing wi wintergreen liniment or belladon liniment helps to relieve the st ness. Get moving as soon as y can, or the sore place stiffens up.

Then is the time for massage. a for plenty of heat. Hot baths wi Epsom salts in, infra-red ra diathermy or short wave if you c get it, or heat from an electric bo fire a yard from your bare sk Douching with alternate sponges hot and cold water often loose things up a lot.

If you are left with one or t tender spots, from which pa radiates, your doctor may be able inject novocaine into these a abolish the pain for good.

Opportunity Knocks ! ! ! !

# NEW JOBS IN "PLASTICLAND"

**The uses for plastics in the post-war world will be almost endless, and new men with ideas and ambition will have a great many opportunities**

**by Donald Stokes**

ONE OF THE MOMENTOUS changes of this century will be the supplanting of many metals and fabrics by plastic material. The plastics industry has opportunities so tremendous that they cannot be gauged.

The story of plastics in Britain, so far, has been disappointing. It is a story of lost chances. We have not been able to secure the necessary raw materials advantageously, nor the men trained to use them.

But now the leaders of the industry are making a determined effort to attract a flow of young men and women who will push research and marketing in Britain, and enable us to catch up with the long lead which America and Germany have already obtained.

Plastics are man-made substances. Scientists look at metals and fabrics under microscopes, and observe how the atoms cling together in certain groups. They then copy these groups. In this way petrol, rubber, metals, wool, glass and hundreds of other substances have been copied, or improved on.

## Men Needed for Training

Dr. V. E. Yarsley, one of the leading figures in the plastics industry, told me: "We need skilled workers very badly. We need a constant stream of young men and women to train as members of scientific teams which will push on into the vast spaces of this science that still remain unexplored. We shan't get them by the less reputable correspondence courses.

"We in the profession are alarmed at the growth of useless courses of this nature. What is required is a planned system of education of a large number of young research workers."

Evening classes giving a grounding in plastics have recently been opened at technical institutes in areas where plastics firms are situated. These include London, Manchester, Birmingham, Gloucester, Southampton and Cardiff. There are also day classes.

The City and Guilds of London Institute is giving a special two-year course in plastics, and it has recently been arranged that students who gain the diploma on completing the course satisfactorily shall have it countersigned by the Institute of the Plastics Industry.

## Facilities to be Increased

The students will eventually be able to become Associates of the Institute, when they have satisfied the committee of their merit. An essential preliminary qualification is matriculation, or its equivalent, and students should also try for their B.Sc. degree.

It is hoped that the educational facilities for those planning to take up plastics will soon be considerably increased. An Education Committee has been set up by the Institute of the industry, and many of the leading plastics firms are giving practical assistance.

Without a flow of new workers the industry will be handicapped considerably, for research depends essentially on team-work in this branch of science. There are only a few men in this country working on development of plastics, as compared with thousands in America.

Our production of plastics is pitiful, compared with America and Germany. The flow of ideas and patents is a trickle here, compared with the torrent in the other two countries.

That is the situation the Institute is trying to put right. Information about its educational plans can be obtained from its Secretary, at Windsor House, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

I am told by leaders of the British plastics industry that if they can get the men and the materials they hope to manufacture products for every other trade and profession.

## Plastics in Surgery

Even in surgery, for example, sinews and tendons and internal parts of the body are being made in uncorrodible plastics and successfully grafted on to patients.

It is significant for Britain that one of the main bases of plastics is coal, in which our country is rich. There is no reason why Britain should not become a world power in this important industry.

The Government has so far refused to provide facilities for the home production of calcium carbide, an important ingredient of many plastics.

In spite of this and other handicaps, such as prohibitive taxes on other raw materials needed in manufacture, ambitious plans are being made to capture large markets. It is a good industry for an ambitious boy to get into "on the ground floor."

The advance of plastic surgery gives new hope to the war disabled

# The Way of Recovery

## These Books Make News by VINCENT BROME

**This book will bring new hope to thousands of disabled men. It shows that miraculous recoveries are not only possible, but are happening**

IT WAS THE LITTLE things first of all. Trying to give the conductor the fare in the black-out. Somebody putting a pint of beer to your lips. Somebody blowing your nose, lighting your pipe.

It was the little things first of all when, in effect, you had no hands.

When the air-gunner and observer first dragged Squadron Leader Simpson from the blazing plane and rolled him in the long, cool grass, there didn't seem much hope for a life worth living.

For Simpson was terribly burned. His eyelids had gone and the left nostril. But worst of all were the hands. He was, to all intents and purposes, without hands.

*The Way of Recovery*, by Squadron Leader Simpson, just published by Hamish Hamilton at 7s. 6d., is concerned with the way back from crippled hopelessness to a normal way of life. Two and a half years ago they despaired of the burnt and broken British pilot. To-day he can walk and work with ease again.

IT REALLY BEGAN at the plastic unit, a hospital in the country where a surgeon examined Simpson one day and told him what he proposed to do. MacIndoe, the surgeon, told Simpson how he could remove the skin from his right arm and transfer it to form new eyelids.

The first operation was performed. For five days Simpson remained blind. Then, on the fifth day, the bandages were removed. "Judging from the excitement they caused . . my new eyelids were very beautiful. . . ."

Yet when he saw them they were enormous things, shading his eyes like the sun blinds of a shop front. It takes time for plastic surgery to settle down.

HOWEVER, THE VERY first step on the road to recovery was judged a high success.

There followed many more operations spread over many months. The remarkable relationship between the hospital staff and the patients took a large part of the fear and the pain out of the process.

No, it was not pain or discomfort which seriously troubled Simpson.

It was getting back to work. All throughout the summer he wondered. He was physically fit for work now in every way except one—he still could not use his hands easily.

AT LAST, FOR THE first time, he went out into the world alone. In the beginning he was shaky. He needed time to get at his small change, take off his coat.

But there was no turning back. These things had to be mastered, and in the end he succeeded.

He had only one grip—the stumps of his first and index fingers—but he developed their use to such a pitch that finally he could light his pipe, drink from a glass, write in ink and carry out all those small actions which are so necessary to the daily round.

And at last one November day, the man who had known the worst that war can do, went back to work again with the sure knowledge that he was fully equipped to deal with life once more and make it happy.

There is a subdued note about the writing of this book, but it cannot conceal the tremendous reserves of courage and endurance which made the whole thing possible. It is a book which offers inspiration to thousands of badly disabled men because the way of recovery is open to them, too.

## Human Machine

### MAKE IT LITTLE AND GOOD

NEVER MIND HOW little you do at a time. Make sure that, however little it is, it is well done. Make sure that it is good. Make sure that it is done just as well as you know how.

Lots of trouble is caused by people who want to run before they have learned to walk. Lots of people ruin their chances of doing the presently possible by trying to do the presently impossible. The simple lesson that the future grows out of the present is not readily learned.

Note those words "*grows* out of the present," for they are the key to the larger view and the longer view as applied to life.

What you are doing now; how you are doing it; why you are doing it; these determine not only what you will do in the future, but to a large extent what you will be in the future. For your present activities are making life—your life, your opportunities of life, and your conditions of life. And the measure of your wisdom—or lack of it—is simply "How well are you doing it?"

Now from this follows one very important conclusion. You are injuring yourself and your future if you do anything in any way other than the best way you know.

And maybe there is a second conclusion that follows. If we do whatever is before us in the best way we know, we don't have to worry much about anything else. We can safely leave the future to look after itself—which is a thing the future is quite capable of doing!

But the beginning and end of all satisfaction with ourselves and with life is a willingness to work and work well. Without that, we might as well pack up. We're no use to ourselves or to anyone else.

# Price of Peace

**Money and Markets, and the fact that those who possess both in plenty have exploited them irresponsibly, are the centre of the problem of war and peace—and are discussed in this second article of our series**

JUST AS A CONTENTED, reasonably prosperous worker has less temptation to commit smash-and-grab than a famished tramp staring in a bakery window, so, up to 1939, it was the more "comfortable" countries which showed least eagerness to contemplate the possibility of war.

Indeed, to avoid war, they made considerable sacrifices; especially of other people's property. They fought only when it seemed that all their own possessions would soon be directly menaced.

The so-called "have-not" nations had less to lose and more to gain. Without actually wanting war itself, which no longer brings anybody much profit, they were prepared, in order to blackmail the "haves," to use the threat of war to its limit.

Plainly, the urge to employ that threat will never be absent from the world while any nations are shut out from a fair share of the earth's bounty, or feel themselves to be shut out.

The world security machinery sketched in the first article of this series, then, can do no more than provide order for a period of Reconstruction during which war-breeding inequalities may be adjusted.

IT DOES NOT MATTER here for the moment that have-not nations may have sunk into poverty through their own laziness or vice. At least, if the shadow of war is to pass, they must not feel, when retribution and reconstruction are over, that, for past shortcomings, they are for ever denied equality of opportunity in a peaceful world.

If they feel that way, they will become hopeless old lags in world crime. Restrictions placed upon them must be accompanied by proof that when their reform is genuine and indisputable, when full world security has been obtained, their handicaps will vanish.

Those handicaps have always been largely economic. According to the aggressor nations themselves, the chief one has been "inability to obtain raw materials," but, in fact, raw materials have always been obtainable from the possessors—at a price.

The real trouble, therefore, seems to be discrimination in the selling of raw materials plus monopolistic prices.

There is also the desire to possess defensible sources of raw materials in the event of war (which means that the fear of war is itself a contributory cause of war).

Next, the aggressors have pleaded pressure of a growing population on insufficient living-space. It is a plausible argument, but Britain and Belgium demonstrate its weakness. Both these countries have shown that large numbers of people can live at a relatively high standard on small territories.

Here, then, the real complaint seems to be the lack, or alleged lack, of the *means* to enable a population to live within its own land.

Chief among those means are capital and outlets for trade.

With the one, factories and machines can be built, giving work to millions. With the others, the products of these factories can be easily sold or exchanged.

Money and Markets—now we are reaching the centre of the problem; the fact that the forces which possess both in plenty have exploited them irrespective of the harm that may be done to the cause of peace.

We shall see later in this series that these forces are not always and necessarily nationalistic. Indeed, in a wry way the great financial interests are as yet the only real internationalists, pursuing profit across all frontiers.

NEVERTHELESS, THEY ARE broadly identified with nations; they use power through the foreign policies of nations, and so, for simplicity, we may here accept the link.

"Have" nations, then, have used the power of coercion which Money and Markets provide, just as others have used the threat of war. The people of the less fortunate nations must grow discontented in these circumstances. There will be unemployment and small opportunity for the enterprise and ambitions of restless youth.

In Germany before the war the Nazis won the support of the people largely because they promised that hard times would be ended at any cost. The only way by which they could alter the existing balance of economic power was by war or the threat of war. They prepared for war.

It is noteworthy that, in spite of their plea that they were poverty-stricken and denied access to raw materials, they managed to secure all the resources to equip the greatest military forces then seen in world history. It begins to seem that Germany was not really and necessarily a "have-not" nation, that the money and opportunity were there somewhere even if they did not reach the masses.

However that may be, the snowball of human folly was in motion again, rolling down the hill.

For, seeing a neighbour arming within the present "system" of international anarchy, other nations must arm in self-defence. There comes a point when one nation, or temporary combination of nations, decides either that it holds a temporary advantage in the arms race, or that it will soon be outstripped.

It uses its power at the peak; first to threaten, and then, if its clenched fist is defied, to strike.

And with that first blow, unrestricted economic competition has reached its inevitable climax, and the prime economic cause of war is once again shown to be the exploitation of large parts of the world or the attempt to exploit them by would-be monopolies expressing themselves politely as foreign policies.

We see, in fact, that, war or not, the world has always been engaged in cut-throat struggle. We see the truth of the dictum that peace has been those periods in history when the earth's perpetual war is carried on without recourse to gunpowder.

TO REPLACE THE JUNGLE system by order and equity is not, fundamentally, as difficult as it may seem. Plans to that end have already been outlined by the Atlantic Charter, President Roosevelt's Four Freedoms, the Conferences of Hot Springs and Bretton Woods, and various other declarations by the larger of the United Nations.

First, even while short-term measures of reconstructing the wrecked world are going forward, even during the "Portal House

period," *all* peoples must be assured of a satisfactory standard of living at the earliest possible moment, and equal opportunities of progress by their own industry.

They must be placed in a position where they will not be lured into war preparations by the prospect of making themselves a little less unhappy at someone else's expense.

Next, the power of those who control Money and Markets must be limited inside and outside national frontiers to a point where it cannot affect world peace. That implies the establishment everywhere of true democratic rule, so that an educated population can keep economic order in its own house.

Thirdly, all nations must have access to raw materials; opportunity to help in the development of colonial territories for general benefit; equal chances of selling their produce and manufactures; and, not less important, equal freedom of communications.

There would be no more "Preference" and restrictive tariffs, which, in the hands of a great trading nation, can represent a blockade

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the backward lands are all parts.

Each nation's main activities in this world economy—whether they were chiefly agricultural, or manufacturing, or distributive—would be carefully developed by the world authority, acting in the interests of all.

This does not mean that Britain might be instructed, say, to return to an agricultural way of life. Britain's main contribution to world prosperity would be mainly industrial, because manufacture is the activity for which she is best equipped.

But it does mean that wasteful enterprises, especially when undertaken for quick profits and liable to produce slumps, would receive no financial support from the world organisation, while necessary projects would be assured of every help.

It does mean that the tragedy of crops being ploughed back into the earth while people are hungry, of coffee being thrown into the sea, of artificial scarcities and unnecessary gluts, would be checked and removed.

Once a World Parliament had agreed upon economic laws to produce these results, the tremendous global planning which must follow would be in the hands of an international body of experts of the sort recently suggested by the Interim Commission set up by the Hot Springs Conference.

The Commission suggests that the tasks of this body would be chiefly to spread information, but, in fact, its scope would need to be much greater. To protect the world from being at the mercy of monopolies and cartels it must provide money and markets, too.

* * *

How? That is what the Bretton Woods Monetary Conference was held to discuss.

It produced two main recommendations. One was the setting up of a World Stabilisation Fund to enable countries to obtain credits and currencies so that they might pay, at fixed rates of exchange, for the goods and services they need.

Such a fund, preventing the gambling in currencies which has caused unnecessary fluctuations, depressions, unemployment and inflation in the past, would enable goods to reach customers all over the world at stable prices.

The other recommendation was for an International Reconstruction Bank which, to stop gambling in the long-distance financing of world development, would provide loans for national work schemes.

Where would all the money come from? From every nation according to its wealth. We should invest in world prosperity instead of in national armaments. We should buy Peace Savings Certificates, as it were.

Would there not be much of this terrible "control" of which some newspapers are warning us so apprehensively? Yes, there would. But it would be control of the forces that breed Hunger, Want, Poverty, Injustice—War.

All we should be giving up, in fact, is our "right" to live well by making somebody else hungry. In return, we should have prosperity which would make the "right" pointless, anyway. For there is more than enough of everything in the world for everybody; and a system of abundance, replacing one of scarcity, can soon spread it.

Could we trust international bodies, into whose hands we put all this power, not to be dominated by the interests which have in the past shaped the world's economic system for selfish ends?

Could we trust Germany, even after a long corrective period, not to sabotage such a system as soon as the first period of reconstruction and occupation was over?

This is the next problem we must face. Otherwise, obviously, all our plans will be futile.

**Next Week:**

**THESE ARE OUR ENEMIES**

# Hannen Swaffer Talks

## ABOUT PEOPLE AND EVENTS

What, really, is happening in China?

The stalemate, it is authoritatively declared, is partly due to the fact that British and American supplies have been used by Chang Kai-shek to kill, not Japanese, but the political extremism of his own countrymen in the north—Communists to check whom he has used his twelve best divisions.

Chinese censorship, after Hitler's, is the most rigid in the world. No political news gets out.

Meanwhile, will Stilwell, the American general, win in his insistence on the all-importance of the costly reopening of the Burma Road, so that more and more supplies shall be sent? Or will Mountbatten, heading a vast armada of aeroplanes, aircraft-carriers and battleships, recapture Malaya from the sea?

A third idea is the capture of Sumatra by MacArthur from the Australian base. That would cut off the Japs on all outlying islands.

### Penicillin "Exposed"

We have read, for months, of the marvels of penicillin, a new cure-all—"wonder-drug" and "the magic bullet," some called it—and how factories were to make it everywhere.

Already, there are a score in America and Canada; of a dozen planned for Britain, "so that penicillin will be as plentiful as aspirin next year," one is to cost £1,250,000.

Now, Elliott C. Cutler, surgeon-in-chief to the U.S. Armies in Europe, declares that neither sulphonamides nor penicillin is the "stardust" or "panacea against infection" that over-boosting has made people think.

### The Secret Marlene

Not even the war has altogether killed the "greater-than-royalty" idea of film stars.

"Isn't that Marlene Dietrich over there?" asked a friend of a receptionist in the Savoy Hotel.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Are you sure?" he pressed.

"It is," admitted the clerk. "*But we are not supposed to say.*"

### Snobbery, N.W.

That is nothing, though, to the experience of another man I know.

Looking for a flat, not long before September, 1939, he made an inquiry of a liftman in a block near Regent's Park.

To his surprise, the man did not reply but, instead, held up a card.

"*We are not allowed to speak to callers,*" he read. "*Inquire at the office.*"

Soon "flats were commandeered," and that bunk ended.

### "Liberate" Britain!

War correspondents return from Paris and Brussels and sneer.

"All this liberating of France and Belgium is a joke," is the sort of thing they say. "To judge by the food they eat, it is time the French and the Belgians came over and freed us. Why, in Paris—certainly it cost us a lot of money—we had meals of a kind that London hasn't seen since the war started.

"As for Brussels, they served you, in the smart restaurants there, with ice-cream!"

### Body-Snatching, 1944

The 1944 version of "Waiting at the Church," Vesta Victoria's famous moan, concerns a tough Australian soldier.

Back from a German prison camp, he met, a few days after, an English girl. Soon, he had drawn all his pay, mortgaged his future and even applied for his post-war bonus.

Then, his camp was called up by a waitress—a girl who wished well of him—at a City bar where he was indulging in a premature celebration.

"There's a bridegroom and best man here," she said. . . .

An officer, sent from the camp, took back the festive pair to their quarters, proffering advice about "the usual result of hasty marriages. . ."

Meanwhile, the bride and her family were "waiting at the church."

The two Australians are now on their way home.

### Dreaming—of Wigan!

How many of you have longed to visit the Orient and gaze on its splendours? Thousands, I'll be bound!

Yet, in "Dekko," the monthly organ of the R.A.F., published in Calcutta, I read that Gordon East, beginning a "My Home Town" series, writes in praise of—Wigan!

"Isn't that where they have the pier?" he says people ask him till he wants to scream.

Yet a civilian would find that, in Wigan, "the shops could hold their own with lots he may have seen in London suburbs . . . shining maroon-and-white omnibuses . . . a new grammar school of which Wigan may feel proud . . . and Mesnes Park, which is just as pretty as it can be within the rather modern limits imposed."

Then there is the "lovely old parish church."

JOHN BULL short story

# The VOICE OF HOME

**For twenty years Jimmy Keeble stayed on his coffee plantation in Kenya—twenty years of loneliness, dreaming of the Old Country and the Cornish village where he was born. Then he came back—and was astonished . . !**

**by**

**HEDLEY BARKER**

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR SPENCELEY

The record was cracked, but Jimmy Keeble could still faintly hear the sounds that never failed to hold him spellbound

BY DAY THERE WAS nothing but the African sun, the flowers in the thorn-groves—blue, and white, and yellow, and red—black birds with crimson-tipped wings, golden-cranes shouting as they flew, hawks shooting down from the sky.

Jimmy Keeble had long ceased to take an interest in Darkest Africa. He knew it all. Lions, elephants, topi, buffalo, leopards, boa constrictors lurking under forest trees. Out here in Kenya he was bang up against the jungle.

By night there were the jungle noises—shrieks and roars and trumpetings, and a lot of heat left over from the day.

Sometimes, sitting on his lonely verandah, Jimmy Keeble would see two glowing eyes peering at him out of the scrub in the darkness

Lion, leopard, jaguar? He just let it pass. He wasn't interested in shooting any more. Besides, he was generally playing over his records on the old portable gramophone.

The "Merry Widow" waltz, Harry Champion singing "Any Old Iron," Ben Davies in "Drink to Me Only," and, last of all, when he was all sentimental with four or five gin slings, the little bit of England that was his own, his very own.

The record was cracked. Blunt needles had torn out a lot of its beauty. But Jimmy Keeble could still hear faintly the sounds that never failed to hold him spellbound.

Just the thump and wash of the sea against the rocks at Pennyquick, and the cry of the gulls, that was all. But it was enough to get right under his skin. Sometimes it made him cry.

After twenty years of coffee planting, homesickness had become a pain with Jimmy Keeble, a cancer [illegible] with him all the time.

ONCE, AFTER PLAYING over the record, he'd smashed it in a mood of sheer desperation. Afterwards, he'd ridden over a hundred miles to get some liquid glue. Tenderly, with infinite care, he'd mended it. And now—

Well, strangers thought it just a mess when he played it to them. But Jimmy knew what to listen for. And his fond ears could pick up a whole lot more than just the thunder of the sea and the scream of the gulls.

He could hear the kids chanting in the little school down the hill, the clip-clop of the old horse in the carrier's cart, the chuckling whisper of south-west winds amongst the corn, and the click of the garden gate outside his granny's cottage.

More, much more, in that record than was audible to the average ear. The swishing of oars in a dinghy, the murmur of soft words under dark trees, mushrooms chattering in a frying-pan.

And those were the things that Jimmy Keeble carried about with him from one day's end to another. Odd scenes, odd snippets of talk, old Reuben, the fisherman, calling good-morning, the smell of violets in Pennyquick Wood, the lovely Englishness of a little village.

Twenty years. It was a long time. It wouldn't have seemed so long, maybe, if he'd had a wife, or a partner, or if he'd been nearer to a town, or if he could interest himself in books.

But there it was. He just couldn't get the hang of women, and as for a partner—nobody but a born fool would bury himself in this God-forsaken dump with nobody but natives to talk to.

COME TO THAT, nobody but an idiot would grow coffee if it was money he was wanting. Year after year Jimmy Keeble had planned to go home. Year after year the coffee crop had just enabled him to break even, with nothing to put by.

Once in a while he got a letter from a pal in London.

"Dear Jimmy,—Well, what about it? Another year gone, another twelve months chucked away in that jungle-hell you call home. Pack it in, boy. There never was a place like England, and never will be.

"I can see the plane-trees out of my office window right now as I'm writing. Away over the street the pigeons and sparrows are busy on the roofs. Also, you'll find a heck of a difference after twenty years. The changes are mostly for the better.

"Come home. What's the great catch about Kenya, anyway?"

Once in a while, too, an Englishman out after big game would stay at Jimmy Keeble's bungalow for the night. Jimmy was eager on those occasions, even pathetic.

"How's England looking?" he would ask. "The white cliffs, the fields, the lanes, the little pubs?"

Sooner or later he'd get out the record.

"It was made for me by a pal of mine, a recording engineer. Listen."

A wheeze, a crackle, a thin squeaking noise. The stranger would listen politely, maybe look a bit puzzled at Jimmy's rapt expression.

"That's Pennyquick," he'd explain. "Cornwall, you know. I was born there. Wonderful record, that."

And then Jimmy would blow his nose, and reach for the bottle.

"Oh, what the hell! It just gets me. The sea, and the gulls, and the sun going down behind the horizon, and smoke standing up from the cottage chimneys. There'd be lambs about when you came away. Eh? Say when."

Well, the road may be long, but it generally leads somewhere. Ever since he was in the twenties Jimmy Keeble had been waiting for a break. He had just passed his forty-fifth birthday when coffee took a turn for the better.

In three years he'd made £1,000. Coffee was booming. Shrewd men were looking around for plantations. Jimmy sold out to a syndicate, and began to pack.

Said the syndicate man: "This plantation look good to me. I guess you know about coffee. But I suppose you've finished with it. You'll settle down in England, build up a new life there, and wipe Kenya right out of your mind."

Jimmy smiled. He was looking like a kid let out from school, full of fun and beans.

"Come back here?" he shook his head. "I've been waiting for this day for twenty years. I'm going home to Pennyquick. Ever hear of it?"

"Can't say I have, no."

"Just a tiny fishing village. The sea, and the gulls, and old Joe Biggers behind the bar in the little pub.

HE PICKED UP THE BAG, and his portable gramophone. "Well," he said, putting out a hand, "cheerio. Good luck."

Six months later, Jimmy Keeble called on his friend the recording engineer.

"By all that's holy!" exclaimed the engineer. "It's Jimmy Keeble. Home at last, eh?"

"Home at last."

"And how's Pennyquick. Remember that record I made you?"

"The gulls," Jimmy said. "The thunder of the sea. The place hasn't changed, George."

"That's fine. And you've been soaking yourself in it, I'll bet."

Jimmy Keeble smiled faintly. "That's right. Yes, I've had a pretty good soaking. And now. . . ."

"Yes?"

"George. . . . I want you to make me another record. I've got a cottage in Pennyquick, no relatives, and, well . . . it's pretty lonely."

George stared. "Another record? Let's get this straight, Jimmy. You mean . . ."

"I mean," said Jimmy, "lions and elephants. The zoo would suit, wouldn't it? Jungle noises."

And Jimmy Keeble gave a low chuckle. "Guess I'm getting homesick," he muttered, "that's what it is."

# WHAT KATY DOES NOW

**Katy was not yet nineteen, but she rejuvenated her local Girls' Club in an astonishing way. And a renewal of youthful energy has spread through clubs all over the country, making members eager in their new Search for Service to help the community**

**by HAROLD A. ALBERT**

LET'S start with a misunderstanding. Wherever I went in my journey of youth, when I asked about the local branch of the Girls' Friendly Society people pursed their lips. "The girls," they said, "are all ninety!"

Then, amid the red brick of Manchester, I met Katy Evans. She isn't yet nineteen. But you haven't heard what Katy did, what Katy did next—and what she does now.

Originally, she says, her branch of the Girls' Friendly Society was "hopelessly churchy." If that shows by implication that many young folk think the Church is out of touch, the fault isn't mine.

One evening an amateur drama rehearsal fell through and Katy suggested Brains Trust instead. She promptly dropped a brick by setting the question: "What's wrong with us?"

"Do we encourage good fellowship?" she asked. "Do we disapprove of other people? Do others disapprove of us?"

It set the girls thinking. One had a hate: working overtime in a works canteen. "We should be working there in our spare time!" she said.

## Began with Canteen

They approached the factory manager. They began by staffing the canteen on a rota system. Then they took over the rest-rooms. They decorated a disused storeroom so attractively that people began preferring it to the official works club.

In the end they drew in other girls' organisations in the district and, with their help, took over the entire club and provided an escape from boredom for thousands of workers.

That is just one instance. And the National Association of Girls' Clubs has now organised over sixty war workers' clubs with a membership of over 20,000!

The clubs have come to stay. They're going to be a new source of social inspiration and life to the community—and yet they were started by once "old-fashioned" girls' clubs.

Come with me to another gay club on the Manchester fringe, where a factory management was having trouble because the absenteeism of married women was soaring sixfold. The chief cause was that they had too many odd jobs to do at home after the day's work.

The young members of the local girls' clubs organised a special "SOS" service. The news went on to factory notice-boards. Women who were running a home as well as a war job had only to ask for help and they would get it.

Sometimes it merely meant that a girl who lived a few doors away would take a door key from under the mat and pop in to wash up the breakfast things and put the house straight.

In other cases, where no crèche was available, girls got together to look after children after school hours while the mothers were still at work.

At a factory club I'd like you to meet Margaret Moore, a hairdresser's assistant. She gives twopenny manicures and half-crown shampoos and sets to women munition workers.

Another girl in her club runs a dress-making service. Three other girls, fellow-members, run a home laundry. They began it for fun—but they think they'll keep it on after the war and make it their living.

Have you heard of *Scanjo*—the Standing Conference of National Youth Organisations? It began as a war time link between all youth bodies from the Junior Red Cross to Co-operative Youth with its open hand to the youngsters of the world. It wielded them into an organised whole.

And it woke them up! A year or two ago one county had only three clubs for girls in its villages. Now it has twenty-four. Another has established forty-five clubs in two years. Clubs have been joining the National Association at the rate of one a day every day. Old clubs and movements have roused themselves out of lethargy and asked with enthusiasm "what they could do?"

So there are the Birmingham Girls' Training Club cadets, who run a day nursery; the Woodstock Y.W.C.A.s, who make belts and gloves from old leather at twopence a pound in a modern new factory; the Lancashire National Council of Girls' Club, girls who have started ninety keep-fit classes in forty towns.

## Host of Jobs

A young woman county councillor in Suffolk woke up to fresh possibilities when she heard a girls' club debate, "What can we do to help win the war?" She worked out a host of jobs that youngsters could do.

She circulated posters to 250 villages throughout Suffolk suggesting the formation of Youth Service Squads. And it worked. The youngsters themselves got together, found their own clubrooms, and elected their own leaders.

They organised working parties and found their own jobs—from weeding the allotments at local airfields to taking care of young evacuees while housewives went shopping.

To-day the Youth Service Volunteers are nation-wide and include many thousands of members.

Young Olive Kendon was walking through Stockport when she became involved in a street fight between the children of one of the congested quarters. Olive suggested a truce meeting in an empty, tumbledown house. It was a sudden brainwave that made her ask, after the quarrel had been amicably settled, "Wouldn't you like this house for your very own?"

## Halfpenny a Day

The children greeted the idea enthusiastically. Olive and her club made arrangements with the authorities. The children set to work themselves to clean and paint it and fill it with unwanted but useful scraps of furniture. And now the authorities agree that Stockport's Children's House, sponsored by a local girls' club, is providing one of the remedies to juvenile delinquency.

The Stockport children never forget to bring their halfpenny a day membership fee. Sometimes at closing time they have been found hiding in cupboards to avoid being sent home! Moves are afoot to establish still other Children's Houses.

It was one lone enthusiast who started a musical club in Liverpool. It was the spearhead of forty new clubs specialising in music in that city alone.

An official of the National Association of Girls' Clubs told me that 1944 sees scarcely a square mile of the country out of reach of a club.

Even in the remote Welsh border valleys I found the girls of a district holding a sewing party. One was making a patchwork quilt from a bundle of pre-war samples. Another was making children's shoes from old hats.

Let's end with a tailpiece by *Scanjo* on the girls' clubs of Britain: "Club life . . . leads to toleration and respect for other people's ideas and convictions, and an interest in people of other creeds and races. The majority of young people wish to find a purpose in life. The clubs . . . demonstrate that goodness, truth and beauty are always at work."

And so say the youngsters who to-day are putting such enthusiasm into the new community life of Britain.

**Darts in a girls' club—but many members find recreation in services to others**

**"It's been raining, but it's stopped now"**

## Wisdom

SILENCE IS GOOD for the wise; how much more so for the foolish.—HEBREW PROVERB.

Sincere words are not fine; fine words are not sincere. — TAO TE CHING

The most successful democratic politicians are those who succeed in abolishing democracy and becoming dictators.—BERTRAND RUSSELL.

People who think that they can be honestly free all the time are idiots: people who seek whole-time freedom by putting their share of work on others are thieves.—G. BERNARD SHAW.

He is no perfect man who has not fallen into trouble, for there is no skilful physician but experience.—MOSLEM TEACHING.

Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him. —BOOK OF PROVERBS.

The first essential of economic reconstruction is that planned consumption must precede and condition planned production. Our economic system must reverse the whole trend of the last century and a half, and once more subordinate the producer to the consumer.—PROFESSOR E. H. CARR.

The gladness of the heart is the life of man, and the joyfulness of man prolongeth his days. — ECCLESIASTICUS.

**"I don't care if you have promised your friends ash-trays for Christmas! Put those helmets back where you found them!"**

Free Speech

# FAMOUS MEN WRITE ON PEACE

**Speak out—say what you like from JOHN BULL'S Free Speech Platform. One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief**

IT SEEMS TO ME that in your investigations into the Price of Peace you have taken rather too much for granted. The first article was very persuasively written, but it left a great deal unsaid.

Two of its recommendations need further consideration. It advocated a "world parliament," making world laws for the good of all, which is really the old League of Nations on an enlarged scale; and it favoured a sort of centralised armed police force acting on behalf of the central executive.

Now, first, I submit that people have too often tended to get a wrong impression of the League of Nations. They forget the simple fact that in practice it was merely an assembly of men appointed by their own governments, men who, in considering problems, were bound to take account of the interests or instructions of their own countries. The same factor would necessarily be operative in any "world parliament."

The idea of the central police force would be magnificent if the world were ready for it. But is it practicable in the world of to-day or the near future? I think not.

I suggest it would be most dangerous to have a police force in which our present enemies had contingents. Could we trust them? We could not. Anyhow, for at least a generation.

No, these are ideal solutions, and they are a long way off. The real solution, I feel, is to go rather more slowly until we have reached a world where the aggressors have been reliably civilised.—LORD VANSITTART.

IT HAS BEEN SAID that "the Price of Liberty is eternal vigilance." It is also the price of peace. This time we must not flinch.

To preserve peace, the peaceful nations must combine to stop Germany, or any other country, from being able to make war—even at the cost to us of a preventive war. Peace is not preserved by pious sentiments. In the last resort only force can preserve peace. When Might is the only means of securing Right, then Might *is* Right. How otherwise can Right prevail?

Let me set out a few of the essential stages for the prevention of war.

Germany must be occupied until her people have really learned to conduct themselves in a decent, civilised way towards their neighbours.

The German people must be made to realise that they are not the "master race," and that, if they again seek to dominate others, they will be crushed. It is they or we.

The German army must be defeated and unconditionally surrender, or it must be destroyed. Germany must be kept disarmed, and her Officer Corps disbanded once and for all.

Germany's heavy industries must be broken up. They are the basis of her war potential.

Germany must be allowed no aviation, whether civil or otherwise. Her scientists and inventors must be controlled.

There must be control of all foreign loans to Germany and of other financial transactions. It was the financiers, from peaceful countries as well, who provided Germany with the money to rearm.

The war criminals, the high and the low, must be brought to trial and punished. This includes the Gestapo and the S.S. troops. No neutral countries must be permitted to shelter them.

The price of peace is ultimately the power to enforce it. My suggestions are not a policy of vengeance, but of prevention.—LORD LATHAM.

### Victory Stamp

Why not a Victory postage stamp for peace day? Such a commemorative stamp would be eagerly bought as a souvenir by millions, if sold at sixpence or a shilling.—A. W., London, N.W.1.

### Uniform Racket

I was interested to read the article about "Rackets in Officers' Uniforms." For a greatcoat costing 10 guineas and a Service dress jacket and trousers costing about £10 (all in good condition), I was offered £3 by one accredited dealer and £2 by another. If I'd been hard up I suppose I'd have taken the best offer and the dealer would have got about £20 from some unfortunate cadet. These racketeers have had a wonderful harvest at the expense of the men who are fighting to preserve their lives and property.—H. C. ANDREWS, late Captain R.E., Allerton, Liverpool.

### Billeting with Tears

My nineteen-year-old daughter, in the W.A.A.F. since last February, was posted to Blackpool and arrived at 7.25 p.m. The R.T.O. sent her to the Billeting Officer, who gave her the address of a landlady who would not take any more girls. In the pouring rain, and in a strange blacked-out town, she had the door of a second billet shut in her face. In the end, some kind-hearted people found her weeping in the street and took her along to a house where she got a room for the night. What a slipshod way of doing things. The least the Air Ministry could do was to be sure a billet was waiting for a girl at the end of a journey like that.—Mrs. H. MCHALE, Epsom.

### Service View of Strikes

Strikes may seem small incidents at home, but to the troops abroad they're headline news. I've been overseas six years, and I know how hotly that recent strike at Newcastle would be discussed. I would like to have put a hundred lads from Arnhem among those strikers. . . . Their punishment would be a true verdict of the entire British Fighting Forces.

I have watched my pals blasted in Abyssinia, North Africa and, this year, in Burma. I lived. And on behalf of the boys still out there I shall do my utmost against those who strike without good and just cause. — T. BURNS, C.Q.M.S., Wallsend-on-Tyne, Northumberland.

### They Go Their Own Way

I'd say cats are the most intelligent animals, simply because they remain utterly independent. You can't bribe, bully or coerce a cat!—MARY REDMAN, Birmingham.

### Training was Right

I used to curse about our training before we got into Burma, but it has stood us in good stead, and we know now why it was necessary. We did a little job last week in rescuing a few of our men who were in a tight corner. It came off all right, and we gave the Japs a good punch on the nose that they didn't expect. Crawling on our hands and knees, with great packs on our backs, to say nothing of other "luggage," we took about four hours to do three miles. But we'd been trained to expect that, and we got our lads back out of a nasty position.—Gunner R. MARCHANT, R.A., S.E.A.C. (In a letter to his wife at Burgess Hill, Sussex).

### Rural Necessity

Don't you think it's time we country widows were allowed a little more oil, so that we can turn our lamps up a bit? A gallon a month isn't nearly enough, and when we get home from war work we haven't a drop to spare to boil the kettle quickly. When I complained to the Fuel Office that we got no oil for heat, I was told to have a hot-water bottle. Can any of your readers please tell me how to boil a kettle on a hot-water bottle?—Mrs. H., Banbury.

### It was a Gift

Enclosed is a wrapper from one of our recent weekly N.A.A.F.I. issues. The packet contained about twelve sweets for which we were charged 6½d. You'll note the wording on the Cellophane—"Gift of American Red Cross. Not to be Sold." I'm writing for a platoon of R.E.s. Company complaint brought no explanation.—Sapper C. W., Royal Engineers, C.M.F.

### Put Buses First

For once I thoroughly disagree with you about petrol for civilian use. If any more petrol is to be allocated, there shouldn't be a drop for private motoring until all the 'buses are running normally again. As it is, private cars have been allowed to people living on 'bus routes because England is a semi-Fascist State.—E. ASHTON, Newton, Hyde, Cheshire.

### Thanks for Help

Thank you for your extremely active co-operation and help in the monetary matters concerning my escape from an Italian concentration camp. After trying in vain for eight months to gain some just compensation, it reflected greatly upon the powers of JOHN BULL that I have at last been given satisfaction.—Cpl. G. L. OLIVER, 19 A.P.V.

### Open to All

Someone should start a League of Good Manners with membership open to all and no entrance fee. As the war has got longer, our tempers have shortened. There's too much rudeness in the shops—from both sides of the counter. Workers who know they can't get the sack have been having the time of their lives. And some Civil Servants at Employment Exchanges and Food Offices—well!—F. H. PENKHULL, Stoke-on-Trent.

### Less Noise, Please!

I work in a busy office. I am used to the clatter of typewriters, but the sudden, strident noise of telephone bells is distracting and nerve-racking. Before telephones went stream-lined, one could jam blotting-paper in the bell, but now even that remedy is denied us. Why can't office telephones have a pleasant musical ring?—GLADYS BOWMAN, Golders Green, London, N.W.

### Repairs and Cleaning

Although a large wardrobe is prohibited by coupons, yet the minimum of clothes needed now is greater than before the war, simply because of the time taken for cleaning and repairs. "One on and one in the wash" is impossible when laundry takes a fortnight or more. Shoe repairs take a month, yet Government advertisements say it is bad to wear one pair continually. Dry cleaning means a dress or a suit out of use for three weeks. Workers in these trades should get early release from war work.—D. KIRBY, Lincoln.

First in the Field

## RIDDLE OF THE GIANT STONES

THE PROBLEM WAS how to haul the gigantic blocks of stone to the site of the building. There was no shortage of labour, for 100,000 men were employed in building the tomb of Cheops, second king of the Fourth Dynasty in Egypt—a tomb later to be known as the Great Pyramid of Gizeh.

But the mammoth structure required more than 2,300,000 blocks of stone—and each block weighed 2½ tons!

The problem was not beyond the Egyptian engineers, whose inventive genius had already devised the 9-ft. copper saws and special tools which fashioned the huge blocks.

First they planned a road from the quarries. This was 60 ft. broad and meant ten years' work.

Then, along the road, they laid parallel rails of iron. The great blocks of masonry, hauled on wooden vehicles, slid smoothly over the rails to the tomb. The work continued for over twenty years.

Thus they had devised, more than 3,000 years before Christ, what was almost certainly the world's first railway.

P. S.

# Dreamers Who Should Awake

## By Our Special Commissioner

**Many queer organisations, purveying a bewildering mixture of mysticism and religion, are in existence. The farrago of nonsense which they preach should cause all sensible people to shun them**

PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE ANYTHING they hear are legion. So are simple folk who open their purses to any organisation, no matter how stupid or unworthy.

To-day, a number of queer organisations are springing up. Fraud or sharp practice cannot be imputed to every one, but they are mostly not deserving of patronage.

Among those I have in mind are "secure enterprises registered as "friendly societies"; one-man businesses disguised by fancy names and protected by the antiquated provisions of the Business Names Act; and bodies that exist mainly to enrich their sponsors.

Among the worst are those cloaked in an atmosphere of mysticism and religion.

One of the craziest movements I have ever come across is called "The Order of the Hidden Masters."

With headquarters in South London and agents in different parts of the country, it is described as "A secret order in the fullest sense of the word."

Its teachings are based on a mass of bewildering mysticism which I should have thought all sensible people would shun.

### Programme of Nonsense

Its programme is filled with nonsense. Yet it is nonsense of a type that seems to appeal to gullible and simple-minded people. A large number of women are among its members.

"The Order of the Hidden Masters," so far as I can gather, consists of a group of teachers and leaders who are said to be under oath not to reveal their status in the society, or their names, even to their closest friends.

They have to work so confidentially that they may only *mention* the Order to associates who are *known* to belong to its sacred circle.

This unwritten law has been so steadily observed that, though the ramifications are understood to be world-wide, none of the actual leaders has been identified by uninitiated inquirers in any part of the globe!

The head of this organisation is known as "The Hierophant," or "The Supreme Grand Master."

He remains completely aloof—rarely talks to his nearest colleague. No one seems to know how old he is, what he looks like, or whether his control of the Order engages all his time.

His real identity is known only to a very small number of senior members of the Order, who, by virtue of their faith, secrecy and seniority, sit on what is called "The Supreme Inner Council."

### Strangers Keep Out!

People who join this strange society must be recommended by somebody well known within its walls.

Before they are given any hint of the Order's doctrines they have to be tested."

Not one word of what they learn must be allowed to leak out, and the smallest secret rite must be locked for all time in their hearts.

The secrets of the society are only revealed to them one by one. And before they can hope to enter its inner mystic circles they must go through various phases of training in separate grading groups.

The first is called the "Outer Circle."

This consists of three grades—each comprising fifty weekly lectures.

It thus takes three years for a new member to pass through the first stage of the "tuition."

After the first three years, successful adherents pass into the "Inner Group." Further periods of enlightenment follow, until at last they reach the real and final "Inner Circle."

Even then they do not come face to face with "The Hierophant," or even with the exalted members of the "Supreme Inner Council." They must win promotion and seniority to do that—a task of many years!

Perhaps the fact that they—in six years—have discovered the hidden mysteries of "The Mystai" (the lesser mysteries of the Order) provides some compensation for this!

Or that they have had the golden opportunity (in secret, of course) of meeting "The Veiled Ones," who, in this strange farrago of nonsense, are able to "behold the visions and wonders of the Inner Circle."

I haven't space to give readers a complete account of the aims and objects of this queer venture. But I must mention that each new (and accepted) member is given the opportunity of forming small groups, or "cells," of three, seven or twelve of his or her most intimate and trusted friends for purposes of membership introduction.

"Once only shall we knock at your door," would-be applicants are told. "Search, therefore, your inner being, first to see if you are worthy, and, secondly, to ascertain if you wish to be freed, so that you may enter the Holy Portals of Wisdom and Light."

There are many reasons, apart from common-sense, why I shouldn't want any of "The Hierophant's" agents—even if they were trusted friends of mine—to knock at my door more than once.

"Marshal Founder and Supreme Master"—J. John van Ryswyk

The principal one is that, apart from occupying several years with this nonsensical mixture of mysticism and religion, there is much too much mundane finance involved.

For the unidentified people behind the Order are by no means philanthropists.

It costs 5s. a month to belong to the Order. This is payable in advance.

All payments must be made by *open cheques payable to bearer*, or by postal orders which must not be crossed.

The name of the Order must not be written on either cheques or postal orders. Any payments not made in this way are refused.

And membership is at once discontinued if the monthly fees are not promptly paid!

Nor is that all. Every member of the society is expected to make voluntary contributions to the Order from time to time. This is a "conscience" debt. And no questions can be asked about any matter connected with the running of the Order, financially or otherwise!

In a different category, there is the "World Leader Society," through which a queer dreamer named J. John van Ryswyk proposes to lift the social status of at least 2,000,000,000 people on earth.

### "Supreme Master"

He was until recently called the "Marshal Founder and Supreme Master Servant of the World's Legion Avatar." He had a "Supreme Council of Seven" and an "International Council of Seventy."

Appeals for funds are a marked feature of that concern.

Before me is a long list of useless societies of this type.

One appeals for money for what is supposed to be a movement to bring about international brotherhood and a better world. The man who runs it is a financial grabber with several names as well as a dreamer—and was not long ago deported from the United States after a lengthy stay, during which his practices were not pleasing to the authorities.

Societies of this type should be avoided.

For, while people exist who are gullible enough to believe anything they hear or read, you will always have "Supreme" organisers of this type seeking easy money in the guise of mystics, world leaders, or social service champions.

# America's Unofficial Ambassadors

THE stranger in the house where I often go in the evening hadn't any use for Americans. Not that he knew much about them. He said so. But they were boastful, loud-mouthed, over-fond of drink and girls, and far too well off.

Boastful, loud-mouthed? I took a letter from my raincoat pocket and let him read it. It was from a Scotswoman writing from Leven, Fife. And she said that after having an American sailor billeted in her home for six months she knew that not all of them were boastful.

Not until the day before he left did she find out that the sailor was at Pearl Harbour when it was attacked. Nor did he mention that back at home he was a boxer with twenty-one wins to his credit.

LOUD-MOUTHED? I showed the stranger a letter from Mr. John Davidson, of Croft Terrace, County Durham. Mr. Davidson was on holiday in London last July when he heard two American soldiers arguing in a 'bus about where to go for a night's enjoyment. The sirens had gone and just before the 'bus stopped a doodlebug came down.

The Americans immediately ran off to the wreckage, tossed their tunics over the garden rails and helped to get the injured out.

When the job was done they put on their tunics. Someone had stolen their wallets. They went off down the road without a murmur or a grumble to anyone. No one knew their names.

I looked at the stranger. Perhaps it would do him good to hear the story of what happened in Baker Street one evening. It was drizzling and the 'bus queue was getting bigger every minute. A British officer and his lady friend hailed a taxi at the same moment as six American soldiers called for another.

An elderly lady begged to be allowed to share the first one but she was waved away. They were sorry, but they were already late for the show. The Americans heard that. Two of them got out of their taxi, collected the old lady and her luggage and put her inside. Then they went back to the queue.

I wasn't going to let the stranger off there. I told him about the east end of Sheffield, where it's a common sight to see elderly poor people walking with a bucket behind coal carts to collect a few nuts.

There, a fine upstanding American soldier gently took an old woman by the shoulder, bade her stand easy, took the pail, and carried on for her. After a time he came back with the bucket full, gave her a big kiss and smuggled a note into her hand. He left the old woman crying for joy.

The stranger had said that the Americans were over-fond of drink and girls. Mr. W. J. Mitchell, who keeps a wine and spirit shop in Elgin, has a story to tell about that. A Doughboy came in and asked for a half-bottle of Scotch.

As he wrapped up the last one he overheard an aged woman ask his assistant if she could have a wee drop of whisky as she wasn't feeling very well.

The American heard that, too, and heard the assistant say there was no more whisky till next month. He saluted the old woman. "You need it more than me, lady," he said. And he handed over the half bottle before the old woman could utter a word of thanks.

The stranger was impressed. "But," he asked, "what about our boys in uniform? How do they feel when they can't compete as far as money is concerned?"

From my raincoat pocket I pulled out a great pile of letters. One was from L/Sgt. G. W. Hedge, now back at Yate, near Bristol, after being out in the Burma jungle for some months.

"WE WERE WITH the Yanks there," he had written. "They went out of their way to welcome us, shared their beer, cigarettes and tobacco and anything else they had. I never heard one of them boasting, black or white. They're great guys, the most unselfish people I've ever met."

I watched the stranger as he looked through some of the other letters. He became quiet as he read about the American guests of Mrs. E. Scobling, of Queen Square, London, who every day put fresh flowers beside the picture of her only son who died at El Alamein.

The stranger read about fourteen-year-old Doreen, whose last days of life after she had lost a leg were cheered by the little kindnesses of white and coloured Doughboys who had to pass her home

He read of a dozen other acts of kindness and humanity . . . but how did I come to have all this evidence?

I told him I had written about Americans in JOHN BULL. He'd only seen what JOHN BULL readers alone thought.

JOHN BULL INQUIRY BUREAU conducted by HUMANIST.

# SMALL BOY GROWS UP

**HUMANIST discusses the problem of the small boy who feels he is no longer to be treated as a baby. Housekeeping money is another problem dealt with**

"I AM SCARED of road accidents, and forbid my small boy to go out alone, or, when I am with him, to let go of my hand in crossing a street.

"He is very indignant. 'Why can't I go out alone?' he asks. 'I don't want you to hold my hand. The other boys laugh and call me a cissie.'

"Please tell me what you would do."

HUMANIST replies: You do not say how old your son is, but if other boys call him a cissie for holding your hand I imagine it is time you let him walk alone. Let him do so on the condition that he does not dart away or otherwise risk his safety.

Explain to him that you don't want him hurt or killed by the traffic—he will see that this is reasonable. But don't say (as some parents do), "Because I say so," or "Because you must do as you are told." The great thing is to prevent an accident—not to assert parental authority as a sort of divine right.

### A Milksop?

"I AM WORRIED about my twelve-year-old son. When I was a boy of his age I was always getting into scrapes. I got canings at school, hidings at home. They were part of a normal lad's existence!

"I was always fighting with other boys and often used to go home with a black eye. My father didn't mind, but it distressed my mother.

"My own son never does these things and has never had a fight in his life. I don't want him to be aggressive, but I want him to stand up for himself, and I'd hate to think he was a milksop. What would you do with a boy like this?"

Remember, answers HUMANIST, that there is much less fighting between men—and women—and schoolboys nowadays than there was years ago. I should encourage the boy to swim, to learn boxing, to go in for sports and gymnastics. If he does not care for these ideas, then I should leave him to develop his personality in his own way. I would not encourage him to be destructive and to "bash for the sake of bashing."

### Gave Up Smoking

"QUARRELS HAVE ARISEN between my husband and myself on a money problem, and I feel I want an unbiased opinion. I used to be a heavy cigarette smoker and quite a bit of my housekeeping allowance went up in smoke.

"I have recently broken the habit so that the money I spent on cigarettes can be used in other ways.

"I think I am justified in spending the money on myself, but my husband thinks differently. He says that the money saved belongs to him."

HUMANIST says: Legally, money saved from housekeeping expenses belongs to the husband. Many readers will remember Dr. Edith Summerskill's strong condemnation of this ruling not long ago.

But, in the present case, I cannot see why the husband has changed his viewpoint. If he made no objection to his wife's spending the money on cigarettes, why does he want to benefit by her self-denial? It seems not only unreasonable but also unfair.

### Pension for Parents

A. L., Exeter: Parents whose children have lost their lives in the war must be in pecuniary need by reason of old age or infirmity, and must satisfy a means test before a pension can be granted.

### Service

ONE GUINEA is paid for letters quoted on this page. Countless problems are dealt with by post.

If you are in doubt, send your personal problems to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Expert guidance on all other subjects (except medical) is given by our Free Advice Service, at the same address.

Where reply is desired by post, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.

Ex-Servicemen and dependants are helped by JOHN BULL War sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

H. N., Lancaster.—The party wh sailed for America in the *Mayflower* c sisted of seventy-eight men and twe four women. They left Plymouth September 6, 1620.

J. A. M., Ickenham: Once a man registered with the Ministry of Lab and National Service at the age seventeen years and eight months cannot volunteer for the Army except the basis of a regular engagement. can make sure of doing his war serv in the Army by volunteering under above age before becoming registered

W. G. W., Eastchurch: The arran ments under which local authorities provide subsistence allowance, or, alt natively, free food, where adequate teen facilities are available, are pers sive only. Any local council may refr from putting such an arrangement i effect.

R. G. L., Birmingham.—The Ro Society is the leading scientific assoc tion in the country. It was given Royal Charter by Charles II in 16 The right to use the letters F.R (Fellow of the Royal Society) after on name is considered a great honour.

A. S., R.A.F.: You're mistak Servicemen overseas can certainly s Christmas parcels to their relatives home, free of Customs duty and p chase tax. Four parcels, each to t value of £2, can be sent in a year; other parcels are subject to duty a tax.

# Another Big "Bullets" Birthday Cheque

**RESULT No. 1,445—FIRST PRIZE, £200**
**W. C. Jones, 18, Birch Street, Bury.**
HOME OF THE SAUSAGE
CAN'T "SAVE SKIN" NOW

£20 : Miss E. J. Preston, 4, Westgate, Meltham. Cost Of Living—Reason We Haven't "Tuppence."
£10 : G. Clark, 239, Charlestown Road, Blackley. Does Us Good—Seeing Lights, Remembering Flares.
£5 : N. J. Fishlock, 86, Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey. Thanks To The Home Guard—Waist Smaller—"Circle" Wider.
£4 : Mrs. N. Meden, 24, St. Pauls Road, Nelson. Inside Germany—Smiles—"Ambush"; Round Corner?
£3 : H. Tripp, 356, York Way, London, N.7. Nothing Left—Nothing Right—*Now* Cross!

For winners of 40s., 38s., 36s., 34s., 32s., and 30s., see this week's "Bullets" Bulletin. A list of 25 winners of 10s. can be seen at these offices. 1,250 Merit Awards also posted.

## YOUR XWORD CORNER

Enter for *John Bull's* Crossword 401—the First Prize is £50, plus £25 Radio for outright winner. Make your entry of 14 completed words, answering Clues below, on plain paper.

**1. Such country may sometimes be converted into cultivated land—W□LD. 2. Often prevents a man saying all he wants to say—WI□E. 3. Having bullying type of foreman probably makes apprentice —□ILY. 4. General must have intelligent aide-de-camp at his—B□CK. 5. Most people would find it tedious having to kill these—WEE□S. 6. Has powerful attraction for particular people—□ION. 7. If unfamiliar one, dog's performance may not be so good—TR□CK. 8. Were used for shafts—AS□ES. 9. It wouldn't do for one to have a slate off—ROO□. 10. Certain trees very properly look this—□RIM. 11. In which there is usually a lot of chaff—BAR□. 12. Most people like to see one in corner—S□AMP. 13. Sly one can bowl over the stoutest fellow—PUS□. 14. Author whose style is this by no means suits everybody—A□ID.**

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules. Entry fee—one 3d. stamp per set of Answers, including payment for Nov. 4 *Gazette*. Last day to post—Monday, October 23. Address: Xword 401, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

AGAIN a £250 cheque for a few well-chosen words! Again *John Bull* invites you to enjoy a half-hour shot at winning a bumper First Prize.

Look at this week's £200 *Bullet*. You could just as well have thought of it, couldn't you? So why shouldn't *you* be the £250 winner this week?

**£250 1st Prize**
**£20 · £10 · £5 · £4 · £3 · £2 · 38/- · 36/- · 34/- · 32/- · 30/- · 25 of 10/- · 50 of 5/-**
**1,000 MERIT AWARDS**

## ADD 2, 3, or 4 WORDS to Any "EXAMPLE"—Use Coupon Below

SIMPLY add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any *Example* given. Prize *Bullets* in this week's result show you some of hundreds of ways to think in winning style.

| | |
|---|---|
| BRITAIN'S BANNER | TO KEEP AFLOAT |
| ACROSS THE RHINE | MILITARY GENIUS |
| POST-WAR PICTURE | VANISHED NOW |
| KNOCK-OUT BLOW | UNCONTROLLED |
| BAND OF HEROES | TIRED AND HUNGRY |
| ON TOP OF THE WORLD | WHAT MATTERS MOST |
| WARS MUST CEASE, SO | SINISTER SOUND |
| LAND OF LIBERTY | KEEP ON SAVING AND |
| BELEAGUERED FORTRESS | IN A PANIC |
| RACING AGAINST TIME | BEST THING TO DO |

Extra "Examples"—see instructions

FREE AND.....
MAN WHO WON'T .....
IN THE ..... CAME
GLAD TO .....
KNOWS HE'S .....
SINCE ..... BEGAN

Note that the last six *Examples* are incomplete. If using one, you merely fill the gap with any single word of your own choice—and then build your *Bullet* as usual.

Vital point to remember—MONDAY, October 23 is the last day to post your coupon.

USE MARGIN IF DESIRED—CUT HERE

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets" my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Nov. 4. IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

**2 FREE BULLETS**
For 6d. extra you may add further four Bullets on plain paper, thus obtaining 2 FREE

"BULLETS" No. 1,449

**LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY—MONDAY, OCT. 23**

**RULES** 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for most Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bullets charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Nov. 11, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

**ADDRESS ENTRY** "BULLETS" 1,449, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

## HEALTHY AND WELL-BALANCED AGRICULTURE"

before have a vigorous ulture and the practice of husbandry been as vital to al well-being as in these of war, when agriculture become our "fourth line of ce". They are no less to be d in times of peace.

provision of seasonal and credit is only one of many s that a modern bank can ribute to these ends. A ific, well-planned agricul- demands close accounting detailed costing. For these es, as for the transmission collection of money with ease ay and safety, a banking e forms an indispensable of a progressive farmer's ment.

anager of any branch of this nd Bank—Britain's largest —will gladly explain to any r, market gardener or other ipator in Britain's great ive industry the manifold in which the operation of a ng account will help him.

MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED

# The Prime Minister says:

"As more of our men and women go overseas to the fighting fronts the demand for books, magazines and periodicals increases rapidly and we want your help to meet this need. Every family can respond and you may be sure that any book you send will give pleasure and relaxation, not to one only but to many."

## What do I do...?

This very evening I go through my books and magazines and put aside every one I can spare. I tie these in a bundle and hand them over any Post Office counter, saying "Books for the Forces".

Because the need for books is so great I make a habit of going to the Post Office regularly with my books and also all the magazines that I have read and collected during the week.

*Issued by the Ministry of Information*

*Space generously given to the Nation by the Brewers' Society*

# LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

You need help and Fatherly advice in difficult times like these. I am in the position to give that to you free.

We teach nearly all the Trades and Professions by Post, in all parts of the World. Distance makes no difference. The most progressive and most successful Correspondence College in the World.

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*Direct mail to:*

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THE BENNETT COLLEGE,
SHEFFIELD.

# Why you should use Harpic to clean the lavatory

**1 EASY TO USE**

To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

**2 THOROUGH**

Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary — the part you *don't* see, as well.

**3 DISINFECTS AS WELL**

Not only does Harpic remove all discolouration — it cleans, disinfects, and deodorises the whole pan.

HARPIC

# INNER CLEANLINESS comes first for Health

For deepdown, invigorating, Inner Cleanliness be regular with your Andrews. Pleasant tasting and refreshing, Andrews cleanses the entire system: *FIRST*, it refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue. *NEXT*, it settles the stomach, neutralises acidity. *THEN*, it tones up the liver, and *FINALLY*, Andrews gently clears the bowels.

ANDREWS
TONIC, REFRESHING, HEALTH-GIVING
*Family size tin 2/-*
Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

45-14

Home Guards! The Blue Gillettes are serving the guns abroad. They'll be back again. But, meanwhile, at home the Standard Gillette Blades, in battledress, are as keen as ever. And they can't be in — on the chin! You have to look for them — they're a bit dispersed.

# Gillette in battledress

Gillette "Standard" and "Standard Thin" Blades (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax. Fit all Gillette razors, old or new.

*Difficult to obtain, like our finer things. Production still restricted.*

IT'S NO TROUBLE
TO HAVE A MACLEAN
SHAVE
1 Wet the beard thoroughly.
2 Put a little cream on your chin with finger tips.
3 Lather with plenty of water on brush.

...try the quick softening properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effect on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the smoothest shave you ever enjoyed. 1/3

# Do your teeth complete your charm?

*the answer's on the tip of your tongue*

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film away.

2/3 & 2/2. Also made in powder form.

# Work a Joy

*Evening finds HEALTHY WORKERS tired but happily content with a day's work well done.*

KEEP HEALTHY and efficient! Nobody can afford to be handicapped by backache, stiff, aching joints, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders or any symptom due to sluggish Kidney action.

Workers on the land and in the factory use and recommend Doan's Backache Kidney Pills for banishing these troubles. This special kidney medicine brings welcome relief by helping sluggish kidneys to filter from the blood harmful impurities which cause pain and discomfort.

Temporarily, supplies of Doan's are limited, but it is worth taking extra trouble to obtain such a dependable remedy.

1/5, 2/3 (Tax incl.). Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills

# Free Yourself TO-NIGHT from Colds 'Flu & Rheumatic Pain

You can—by taking 'ASPRO' at first sign of a cold or 'flu attack—sneezing, aching head or limbs or feverishness. Two 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot drink on retiring are quickly followed by sound, restful sleep — mild perspiration is promoted — the temperature is lowered and you awake fit in the morning. The safe, soothing action of 'ASPRO' in dispelling twinges of rheumatic pain, gout, neuralgia, etc., has to be experienced to be believed. From time to time we publish letters from the public demonstrating the above facts. They are only a few of the thousands we have received but they speak for themselves. They prove beyond doubt that in a hundred-and-one health emergencies:

## 'ASPRO' acts! QUICKLY-SAFELY

**Worker Dispels Colds**

D. JARVIS, of 7 Hornby Terr., Morecambe, writes: "I am really almost without a few 'ASPRO' tablets as they do dispel a cold. I am always out of doors on my job and we use 'ASPRO' at the least sign of a cold."

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It would protect your dependants and secure for you at a selected age a chosen amount suited to your needs; for example

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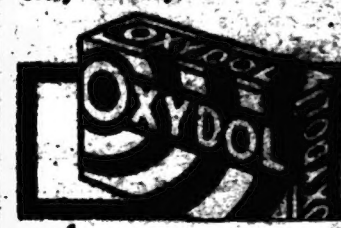


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# We've got to Keep on Saving!

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*Issued by the National Savings Committee*



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Take Cephos

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STOP THAT COUGH WITH

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Sloan's Liniment offers the quickest way of checking the agonising pain of rheumatism. It gives tingling, comforting warmth to the muscles and joints and puts an end to your suffering.

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